

Good Morning 490

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Two on a Trolley For P.O. Don Sparks

WE met a very lively young lady at 63, Westley-road, Bury St. Edmunds, P.O. Donald Sparks. True, she's only sixteen months, but you will see by the photograph she has grown quite a bit since you saw her. She thought being photographed great fun.

Your wife is very well and sends love. She wants you to save a copy if you see the picture of herself and Priscilla on the "trolley." (But "Good Morning" will send her one, anyway.)

That is a fine toy for your daughter, though she cannot quite get it to move with Mother aboard. Many local friends have inquired after you. Your letters have come along all right.

Eva has two dogs and two cats; a great joy to Priscilla, who, having once seen them and made friends, now demands to be taken to see them at all hours of the day.

So you see the young lady is growing up and taking an interest in things.



Big Family Increase Sto. Ken Harrison

THERE has been a big increase in the family since you were last at Dovey-road, Moseley, Birmingham, Sto. Ken Harrison. There has been a litter of rabbits, and I had to photograph your Mother, Jean and Auntie Rose with some of the babies, as they said you were just mad about the rabbit's.

from work soon after I arrived. Beryl was expected home on leave. Your Mum and Dad are fine.

Jim is again on convoy. Rose had just returned from a week's leave with him.

Old Prince was barking and running round the garden. He seems jealous of the new baby rabbits.

going strong, and waiting to serve you with a pint, and, by the way, Victor and Ronald don't go there now—they're both in the Army. The street lamps are now alight in Dovey-road, where you will get a big welcome when you come home.

But don't forget that present you have promised Jean. She has not forgotten.

BEFORE DYING HE SAID: 'I'LL BE BACK TO-MORROW'

OF all the strange twists I ever knew in any case of crime, the strangest was that of the Brooklyn Bank Bandit who was executed at Sing Sing just over twenty years ago.

Warden Lewis E. Lawes took over the position of looking after Sing Sing in 1920. The Bandit was the second man he sent to the chair, and he would not have been electrocuted had he not forgotten a code of honour which he drilled into his mind and acts during his career of wrongdoing.

You will see what I mean if I tell the story from the beginning.

NOBODY ever knew the Bandit's name, not even the law that caught him, or the judge who sentenced him. The Bandit himself said he had forgotten his name.

But Brooklyn did not forget his deeds. He used to stroll into a bank, hold up the staff, rake in the cash, and make his get-away. He worked alone.

One of his pat phrases to any employee or bank detective who showed fight was this: "I won't shoot unless you try to draw on me. I've warned you."

One day a bank official called his "bluff," as it was called; and the bank official lay, next instant, writhing in the death agony, revolver still in his hand. The Bandit stepped over the body, swept the contents of the till into a bag, and backed out. He wore a mask all the time.

By the time the police rushed into the building the Bandit was away.

They didn't catch him. He cleaned out another bank shortly afterwards, and the peculiarity of his robberies was that he never worked during the night. He carried out the jobs in broad daylight.

Shortly afterwards he wrote to a newspaper saying that he often worked in connivance with police officials, with whom he split the proceeds; but nobody believed that. He also said that he had taken to robbing banks because banks "robbed the people, anyhow, and I am sort of righting the wrong." Obviously a curious character.

The descriptions of him that the police obtained all tallied in that this was a good-looking young man, who spoke in an educated manner. He was no



Initiative is what's wanted in this zoo, old boy—initiative!

slouch, no ordinary gunman; and he always kept to his code, "I won't shoot unless you draw on me."

After the killing of the bank detective and the robbery following that scene, Brooklyn knew him no more. Things quietened down, and life took its normal course again. People thought he had raked in enough to be satisfied and had "retired." They forgot about him.

But one day there came a telephone call from a Western State to New York to say that there was a prisoner in the State Penitentiary who claimed to be the Brooklyn Bandit, and would the New York police come and have a look at him.

The New York police officials who answered that call found a good-looking young man doing a sentence for killing a pal during a dispute, and a most amazing confession was given them.

Briefly, this prisoner said he was the Brooklyn Bandit and he wanted to commit "legal suicide."

"What kind of suicide is that?" asked the detective who questioned the prisoner.

"It's this way," was the answer. "I'm here for shooting my pal. I did shoot him. But I warned him first, and I saw him, as I thought, reaching for his gun. So I plugged him."

"And then, when the cops got me and I was in the dock, it came out that my pal hadn't a gun. I had forgotten that he didn't carry a gun. I've done wrong in killing him. You can take me to the chair for killing that bank detective."

"And what will your defence be when you are tried?" asked the detective, suspicious of the confession.

"I won't have any defence, and I won't appeal against the verdict of death, and I won't ask for commutation of the sentence. That's enough for you to know."

Of course, it wasn't all as easy as that. The police had to have some evidence. They wanted to know who this young gentleman was, who were his parents, and so on.

They brought him back to New York for examination. They found that he supplied all the evidence they needed.

He gave them minute items of the bank killing that they needed. He gave them indisputable evidence that no

one but the killer could have supplied.

"What's the reason for all this?" he was asked time and again. "What's the idea?"

He had but one reply. "I forgot my own code. I killed my pal, and that means I should expiate the deed by sitting in the 'hot seat.' In the State where I shot him they don't have execution for murder."

They grilled him in order to get his real name and parentage. He never gave this information; but he did mention that he had been for two years at college (he would not say which) and that he had got mixed up with a gambling crowd and was either expelled or quit.

After that he ran wild. He never went back home because his father, although wealthy, was "one of the stern, severe kind," and the boy didn't want to face a family scene.

"But you could have taken some job instead of robbing banks," he was told.

"Could I? How? I had no trade. Since I took another name where could I get the home address needed for a job? Employers make inquiries, don't they? I skipped that business. You'll never get my real name."

But the police tried hard. They sent him for trial, and they got the newspapers to print photographs of him taken in prison and in court. They hoped somebody would turn up to claim him.

The verdict went against him, sure enough; it couldn't have done otherwise with the evidence the police had collected. He was sentenced to death, and taken to Sing Sing, up the river.

And then, in spite of his lack of defence and his refusal to appeal, an appeal was made to the State Governor for commutation of his sentence. The appeal came from a young woman, through lawyers, but as the action was taken without the prisoner's consent it didn't carry far.

A fund was deposited with the Warden of Sing Sing to his credit to buy him cigarettes and small luxuries. It was an outsider who supplied the money, but when the Bandit was asked to sign the name under which he was committed so that he might get the use of the money, he declined. He did without cigarettes.

He was known in Sing Sing merely by his number, which was No. 70292.

In the prison, men condemned to death don't know, until near the day, when they are to go to the chair. The sentences read: "To be put to death in the manner prescribed by law in the week beginning . . ."

The man who chooses the date is the Warden; and Warden Lawes usually set the day as Thursday and the time 11 p.m. On the morning of that Thursday, No. 70292 was taken from the special cell in the Death House, the section called by the other prisoners the "dance hall." It is near the execution chamber, and the witnesses of the scene, as ordained by law, enter from another gate and are in the chamber before the condemned man is brought in.

This morning, however, the principal keeper was called by No. 70292. He wanted to know if he would be allowed to wear a white shirt to the chair, instead of the usual black one. The principal keeper had never heard such a strange request, and re-

ferred the matter to Warden Lawes.

The latter, who always made a point of knowing the condemned men personally, came to the conclusion that a man could be killed as appropriately in a white shirt as in a black, so he allowed the request.

Then came another request. Would No. 70292 be allowed to walk to the chair without wearing handcuffs? This was granted, too.

A final request was then made. Would the Warden see that the guard who walked beside No. 70292 and strapped him in was a man who could smile and would not look gloomy?

The Warden managed to satisfy this condition also.

When it came to the question of a chaplain, however, No. 70292 said he hadn't any religion. But, he said, he had got hold of some pamphlets on Spiritualism and had been reading them.

"Warden," he told Lawes, "if it is possible I'll be back beside you at eleven o'clock to-morrow night. What do you think of that?"

"Don't do it on my account, lad," said the Warden, "and I mean just that."

No. 70292 walked that night to the death chair in his white shirt, without handcuffs, and was hurled into eternity inside

Odd-But True

Old-time sailors who could neither read nor write were among the first to popularise tattooing. They valued it as a means of establishing identity.

The demand for A.A. guns to protect Britain from the Luftwaffe and to send to France was so great in the early days of the war that only one old gun could be sent to Malta. It bore a brass plate inscribed "Presented to the Imperial War Museum".

three minutes from leaving the cell. He kept his name a secret to the end.

Warden Lawes forgot about the spirit promise during a busy day; but at night, when he was going upstairs to bed at 11 o'clock, he stopped suddenly on the stairs. From somewhere there came the sound of a few faint musical notes.

Warden Lawes listened intently. The notes stopped. Silence. Then the faint notes came again.

Warden Lawes went downstairs and into a room. He wondered if No. 70292 had actually returned.

On a couch he saw a banjo lying, strings upward. One or two kittens were playing around the banjo.

Did the kittens make the musical notes? I don't know. The Warden told me he thought so. But why should this happen at 11 p.m.? Coincidence?

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

"Vultures shall wash their wings in blood"

ONCE, twice, he waved the spear and then struck, ah, God! right home—the spear stood out a foot behind the soldier's back. He flung up his hands and dropped dead.

From the multitude around rose something like a murmur, it rolled round and round, and died away.

"The thrust was a good one," said the king; "take him away."

Four men stepped out of the ranks, and lifting the body of the murdered man, carried it away.

"Cover up the blood-stains, cover them up," piped out the thin voice from the monkey-like figure; "the king's word is spoken, the king's doom is done."

Thereupon a girl came forward from behind the hut, bearing a jar filled with powdered lime, which she scattered over the red mark, blotting it from sight.

Twala sat still until the traces of the tragedy had been removed, then he addressed us.

"White people," he said, "who come hither, whence I know not, and why I know not, greeting."

"Greeting Twala, King of the Kukuanas," I answered.

"White people, whence come ye, and what seek ye?"

"We come from the stars, ask us not how. We come to see this land."

"Ye come from far to see a little thing. And that man with ye,"

KING SOLOMON'S MINES

By the courtesy of the executors of
RIDER HAGGARD

pointing to Umbopa, "does he too come from the stars?"

"Even so; there are people of thy colour in the heavens above; but ask not of matters too high for thee, Twala the king."

"Ye speak with a loud voice, people of the stars," Twala answered, in a tone which I scarcely liked. "Remember that the stars are far off, and ye are here. How if I make ye as him whom they bare away?"

I laughed out loud, though there was little laughter in my heart.

"O king," I said, "be careful, walk warily over hot stones, lest thou shouldst burn thy feet; hold the spear by the handle, lest thou shouldst cut thy hands. Touch but one hair of our heads, and destruction shall come upon thee."

"Have they not told thee how we strike with death from afar?" I went on.

"They have told me, but I believe them not. Let me see you kill. Kill me a man among those who stand yonder"—and he pointed to the opposite side of the kraal—"and I will believe."

"Nay," I answered; "we shed no blood of man except in just punishment; but if thou wilt see, bid thy servants drive in an ox through the kraal gates, and before he has run twenty paces I will strike him dead."

"Nay," laughed the king, "kill me a man, and I will believe." "Good, O king, so be it," I answered coolly; "do thou walk across the open space, and before thy feet reach the gate thou shalt be dead."

Twala frowned majestically; the suggestion did not please him.

"Let a young ox be driven in," he said.

Two men at once departed, running swiftly.

"Now, Sir Henry," said I, "do you shoot. I want to show this ruffian that I am not the only magician of the party."

Sir Henry accordingly took the "express," and made ready.

"I hope I shall make a good shot," he groaned.

"You must," I answered. "If you miss with the first barrel, let him have the second. Sight for 150 yards, and wait till the beast turns broadside on."

Then came a pause, till presently we caught sight of an ox running straight for the kraal gate.

It came on through the gate, and then, catching sight of the vast concourse of people, stopped

stupidly, turned round, and belated.

"Now's your time," I whispered.

Up went the rifle.

Bang! thud! and the ox was kicking on his back. A sigh of astonishment went up from the assembled thousands.

I turned coolly round—"Have I lied, O king?"

"Nay, white man, it is a truth," was the somewhat awed answer.

"Listen, Twala," I went on. "Thou hast seen. Now know we come in peace, not in war."

"Now, Twala" (handing him the rifle), "this magic tube we give to thee, and by-and-by I will show thee how to use it." He took it very gingerly, and laid it down at his feet. As he did so I observed the wizened monkeylike figure creeping up from the shadow of the hut. It crept on all fours, but when it reached the place where the king sat it rose upon its feet, and throwing the furry covering off its face, revealed a most extraordinary and weird countenance. It was apparently that of a woman of great age, the face so shrunken that it was no larger than that of a year-old child, and was made up of a collection of deep yellow wrinkles. Set in the wrinkles was a sunken slit, that represented the mouth, beneath which the chin curved outwards to a point. There was no nose to speak of; indeed, the whole countenance might have been taken for that of a sun-dried corpse had it not been for a pair of large black eyes, still full of fire and intelligence, which gleamed and played under the snow-white eyebrows like jewels in a charnel-house. As for the skull itself, it was perfectly bare, and yellow in hue, while its wrinkled scalp moved and contracted like the hood of a cobra.

The figure stood still for a moment, and then suddenly projected a skinny claw armed with nails nearly an inch long, and laid it on the shoulder of Twala the king, and began to speak in a thin, piercing voice—

"Listen, O king! Listen, O people! Listen, O mountains and plains and rivers, home of the Kukuana race! Listen, all things that live and must die! Listen, all dead things that must live again—again to die! Listen, the spirit of life is in me, and I prophesy."

The words died away in a faint wail, and terror seemed to seize upon the hearts of all who heard them, including ourselves. The old woman was very terrible.

"Blood! blood! blood! rivers of blood; blood everywhere. I see it, I smell it, I taste it—it is salt; it runs red upon the ground, it rains down from the skies."

"Footsteps! footsteps! footsteps! the tread of the white man coming from afar. It shakes the earth; the earth trembles before her master."

"Blood is good, the red blood is bright; there is no smell like the smell of new-shed blood. The lions shall lap it and roar, the vultures shall wash their wings in it and shriek in joy."

"I am old! I am old! I have seen much blood; ha, ha! but I shall see more ere I die, and be merry. How old am I, think ye? Your fathers knew me, and their fathers' fathers. I have seen the white man, and know his desires. I am old, but the mountains are older than I. Who reared up the three Silent Ones yonder, who gaze across the pit, tell me?" (And she pointed towards the three precipitous mountains we had noticed on the previous night.)

"Ye know not, but I know. It was a white people who were before ye are, who shall be when ye are not, who shall eat ye up and destroy ye."

"And what came they for, the White Ones, the Terrible Ones, the



"But I thought I was the one who was supposed to say 'Ah, doctor!'"

skilled in magic and all learning, the strong, the unswerving? What is that bright stone upon thy forehead, O king? Whose hands made the iron garments upon thy breast, passes in my mind to kill you. O king? Ye know not, but I know. Gagool has spoken strange words. I the Old One, I the Wise One, I the Isanusi! (witch doctress).

Then she turned her bald vulture-head towards us.

"What seek ye, white men of the stars—ah, yes, of the stars! Do ye seek a lost one? Ye shall not find him here. Never for ages upon ages has a white foot pressed this land; never but once, and he left it but to die. Ye come for bright stones; I know it—I know it; ye shall find them when the blood is dry; but shall ye return whence ye came, or shall ye stop with me? Ha! ha! ha!"

"And thou, thou with the dark skin and the proud bearing" (pointing her skinny finger at Umbopa), "who art thou, and what seekest thou? Not stones that shine, not yellow metal that gleams, that thou leavest to 'white men from the stars.' Methinks I know thee; methinks I can smell the smell of the blood in thy veins. Strip off the girdle—"

Here the features of this extraordinary creature became convulsed, and she fell to the ground foaming in an epileptic fit, and was carried off into the hut. The king rose up trembling, and waved his hand. Instantly the regiments began to file off, and in ten minutes, save for ourselves, the king, and a few attendants, the great space was left clear.

WANGLING WORDS—429

1. Insert five consonants in: A *** E * I O U *, and make a common word.
2. Rearrange the letters of: DO A BOIL, PINK PIGS, and PHOTOS C.C.H., and get three children's games.
3. In the following four aircraft the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 364C67258, 39B586218, D184958, 64714.
4. Find a rank and a musician hidden in: The majority of sailors drink beer and rum merrily enough, but not sarsaparilla.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 428

1. ENGINEER.
2. SOLITAIRE, SNAPE, DRAGON, BAGATELLE.
3. Galley, Canoe, Dinghy, Destroyer.
4. D-and-EH-on.

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 13

1. How many properties can you think of which almonds and eggs have in common?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Liquid, Transparent, Tasteless, Fluid, Colourless, Tall, Odourless.
3. If 16 does not exceed 5 less than 21, write down 12 unless 5 more than 12 is greater than 16 by less than 4, in which case write down 5; otherwise, write 61.
4. One morning, the two partners of a firm were besought by their night-watchman not to travel home by the 4.30 p.m., as he had dreamt only that night that a terrible accident would occur. The senior partner laughed at the warning, travelled by the train, and was killed. The junior partner thought there might be something in it, took a later train, and so escaped. Next morning he sacked the watchman. Why? (Answers in No. 491.)

Answers to Test No. 12

1. CHINA.
2. "Horse."
3. Sleeping is an essential activity; others aren't.
4. A half-yearly salary of £50, with a half-yearly rise of £5, because at the end of three years you would have received £375, whereas the £100-a-year job would only have brought you in £360, rises included.

QUIZ for today

1. A snig is a sneer, short cough, odd piece of cotton, young eel, drink, parasitic insect?
2. What name is given to a group of (a) ferrets, (b) foxes?
3. For what girls' names are the following "short"? Meta, Mamie, Jennie.
4. What is the highest mountain in England and Wales?
5. What is made from bauxite?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Verisimilitude, Veterinary, Vertebra, Vulnerable, Vestigial.

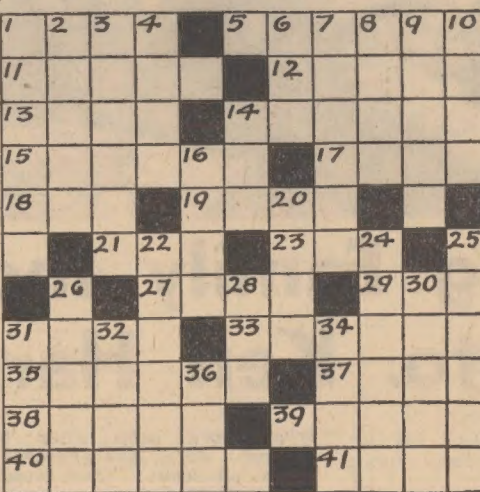
Answers to Quiz in No. 489

1. Sea duck.
2. (a) Covert, (b) Dule.
3. Henrietta, Mary, Magdalene or Matilda.
4. Ben Nevis (4,406 feet).
5. Fine china and porcelain.
6. Wednesday, Wardrobe, Venerable.

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER



- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1 Gibraltar.
 - 5 Sportsman.
 - 11 At right angles from ship.
 - 12 Work at loom.
 - 13 Outlet.
 - 14 Hard coating.
 - 15 Regard.
 - 17 Disavow.
 - 18 Meadow.
 - 19 Stratagem.
 - 21 Lump of wood.
 - 23 Curve.
 - 27 Had on.
 - 29 Blow.
 - 31 Unperturbed.
 - 33 Oite as proof.
 - 35 Sermon.
 - 37 Ceremony.
 - 38 Plant with aromatic seeds.
 - 39 Founded.
 - 40 Reptile.
 - 41 Short county.

CLUES DOWN.

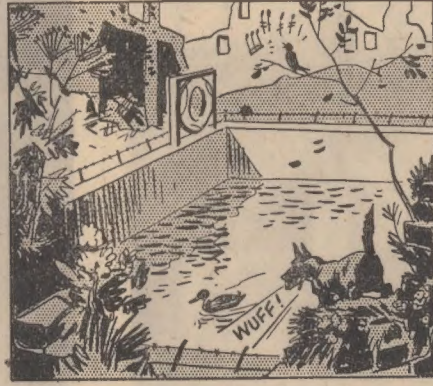
- 1 Tangles.
- 2 Fat.
- 3 100lbs.
- 4 Girl's name.
- 6 Admit.
- 7 Front horse.
- 8 Reputation.
- 9 Occurrence.
- 10 Depend.
- 14 Bird.
- 16 Therefore.
- 20 Shore powder.
- 22 Solemn.
- 24 Voyage.
- 25 Goes fast.
- 26 Dreamy.
- 28 Sea-fish.
- 30 Behaved.
- 31 Get cracked.
- 32 Leave out.
- 34 Dull.
- 36 Sign of Zodiac.

HALT FOISTS
COOPER TIP
HINTED MANE
EDGAR DAISY
LUCERNE
DIM SUB SLY
GENERIC A
ENDED TULIP
VOLT HERONS
ERA MODERN
NEREID DESK

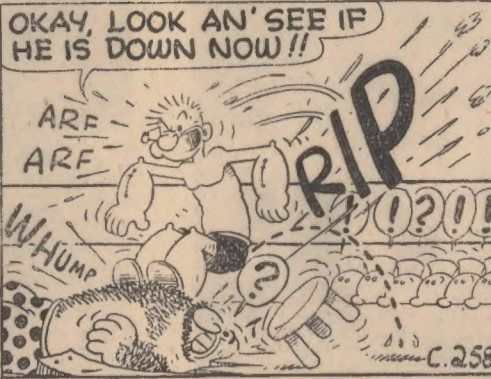
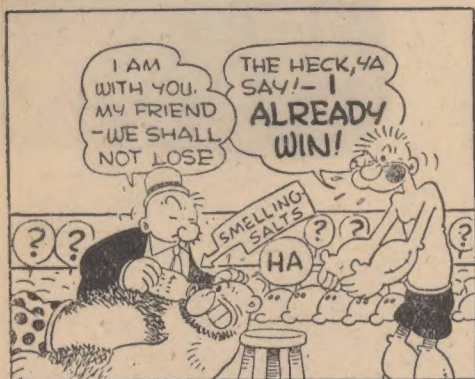
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



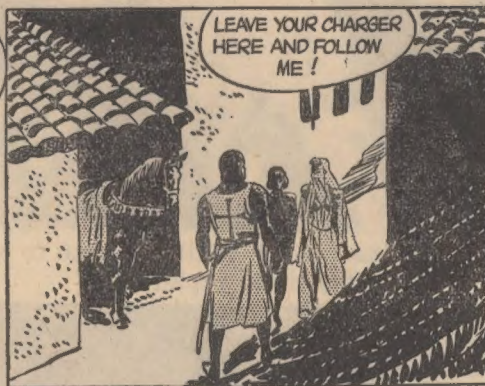
POPEYE



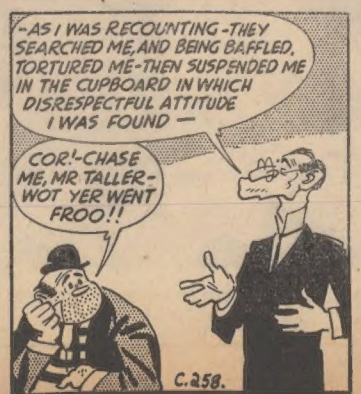
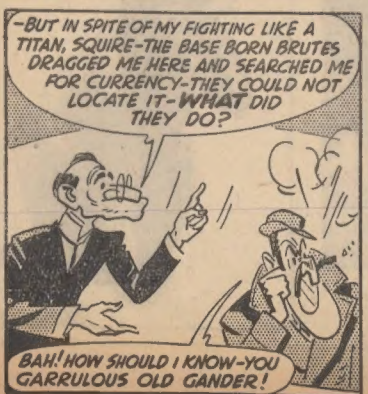
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

A POPULAR radio programme is "Here's Wishing You Well Again," transmitted Thursdays over the B.B.C.'s Forces wave-length. Georgie Henschel and Marjorie Anderson run the programme, and Fred Grisewood has a sport corner.

Vernon Harris runs the Wishing Well, and introduces a personality each week. By request, Norman Pett was hauled up in a recent programme. He told the story of Jane.

I jotted down the script from a re-run of the disc. It ran like this:-

Harris: Welcome, Norman Pett. You know why you're here, I suppose?

Pett: I've a pretty shrewd idea.

Harris: I've a feeling that his is a popular wish.

Pett: Well, I get about 100 letters a week from the lads in the Forces. They tell me Jane's the perfect girl-friend. They like her because she's sporting and cheerful, even if she is a bit dumb at times! Her adventures are now taking place in the N.A.A.F.I., and a lot of fellows have written to ask where she's stationed. They want to put in for a transfer!

Harris: I'll bet they do. When did Jane and her little dog start on their career?

Pett: About 1931. Jane began as a Bright Young Thing, getting into all sorts of scrapes. I put her into various jobs-teaching and playing on the stage-and then doing a strip-tease-she's now called Queen of the Undie-World! Then when the war came she went into uniform.

Harris: She doesn't seem to stay in it long. And what about Fritz?

Pett: There's a real story behind him. He was my wife's inseparable friend. He went where she went, and he was simply miserable without her. That gave us the idea to include him. He would never go near the water, but if Jane went bathing, he'd go in, too-right up to his ankles.



Mr. and Mrs. Pett and Fritz.

Harris: Just one moment-your wife-is her name Jane, too?

Pett: She is the original Jane and my original model. I've brought her along.

Harris: I'm sure Captain May and all Jane's well-wishers would like-a word from the original Jane. Come along, Jane...

Mrs. Pett: Hallo, boys. I'm so glad to have a word with you and to thank you for all the lovely letters you have written. I can't answer them all, though I do try. Jane's adventures certainly seem to be giving you a lot of fun, and I must say they are pretty wild these days.

Pett: You wait-there's plenty of trouble still to come!

Harris: And I suppose the adventures of Jane form a large part of your life.

Pett: They are my life. If a girl falls off a ladder-that's a subject for Jane, as far as I'm concerned!

Harris: Well, you must have an exciting life if you follow Jane! Thank you both very much.

Pett: Good-bye, Forces. Now, Jane-don't fall down the Wishing Well.

"Look here," shouted the agitated customer, rushing into the chemist's, "you gave me strychnine instead of quinine." "Then that will be another fourpence, sir," said the assistant.

Ron Richards

Good Morning

This England

With another day's ploughing in front of them and many a solid day's work behind them, the team makes for the "Ten Acre" at Firchingfield, under a flat Essex sky.



"Can't think how I got on this page. Somebody asked for another 'bareskin,' I suppose."



"What's all this? Wait a month to have my shoes repaired!"



"Not this baby! Sooner do the job myself."



"Just as I thought! There's nothing difficult in it."



"If you ask me, cobblers are just a lot of 'snobs'."

★ Helen of Troy's was "the face that launched a thousand ships," but how's this for the face that launched a thousand submarines? What say you, sailors? ★

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"And how's this for the cat that launched a thousand fishing smacks?"

